

Shook Me All Night Long by HeckinaHandbasket

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Stripper/Exotic Dancer, Anal Sex, Billy Hargrove Being Gross, Billy Hargrove Has a Crush on Steve Harrington, Billys leather jacket is its own character really, Feelings Realization, Hop In This Handbasket We're Going To Heck, M/M, Oral Sex, Porn with Feelings, Steve Harrington Deserves Love, Steve Harrington is a Sweetheart, Steve is very bad at one night stands, This is the kindergarten teacher Steve and stripper Billy fic, khakis and pastel polo shirts, so much glitter for varying reasons, the whole shebang basically

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Summary:

The lights dimmed as the bright, dancing pop music dropped out, leaving eerie silence behind.

When the guy walked out on stage, it was like he stole all the remaining light in the room, like Steve couldn't see anything else.

He almost looked like he'd wandered onto the stage by accident, if he hadn't been the most gorgeous man that Steve had ever seen.

Long blond curls and a face like an angel. Lucifer, specifically.

Holy fuck.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Okay yes I am posting a new WIP instead of updating my other WIPs.

I promise I'm working on them! But this AU is so much fun...

The first guy to come out on stage was all tanned oiled muscles in a bedazzled fireman costume and Nancy and her friends went wild for him while Steve surreptitiously checked his watch and sipped his drink.

The next act, though.

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He almost looked like he'd wandered onto the stage by accident, if he hadn't been the most gorgeous man that Steve had ever seen.

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Holy fuck.

Nothing about his outfit screamed stripper, either. Just skintight jeans with motorcycle boots and a ripped-up tee shirt, topped by an admittedly sexy leather jacket.

It didn't look like a costume, not like the sequined firefighter jacket that had come before him at all.

He was holding a cold bottle of beer loosely in one hand, amber liquid sloshing around as he stood in the center of the stage and

pulled out a cigarette, tucking it neatly between his lips.

He flicked open a skull-emblazoned lighter, igniting the flame just as the music kicked back on, heavy metal screaming through the speakers and blowing Steve away.

The guy barely moved, sucking on his cigarette as he scanned the room, tucking his lighter in a jacket pocket.

His eyes traced over Steve before snapping back to fixate on his face for a long, heart-stopping moment.

Oh, god.

Steve could feel himself going bright red all over, unable to look away.

The guy started to move to the music, just a little. Mostly walking belligerently but rhythmically around the stage, sneering and snarling at the cheering crowd.

He stopped at the front of the stage, just left of center.

Directly in front of Steve.

Or, more likely, directly in front of Nancy, who was whooping and hollering in her seat next to him, toasting with her much depleted glass of wine.

But, his eyes went to Steve.

Pretty blue eyes ringed with long, dark lashes that burned brighter than his cigarette as he stared him down, setting his beer on the edge of the stage before he ran his hands slowly down his body, hips gyrating to the beat.

Steve was hard in his khakis and sweating under the collar, choking on his drink as the song screamed about 'American thighs' and the guy tore open his belt buckle with rough fingers, yanking the length of black leather out of his jeans with a loud crack against the stage floor.

He kicked it to the side with his dirty boot, hips still working in ways that were mystifying to Steve as his hands went to his jacket, exhaling smoke through his nostrils before shrugging it off slowly, letting the heavy leather slide down to his wrists.

He turned like that, displaying the way the drape of his jacket perfectly framed the most magnificent ass that Steve had ever seen.

It was a gift to the denim gods.

He looked back over his shoulder, right at Steve, and pulled one arm free until the jacket dangled from the other hand.

Then he walked to the edge of the stage, brought the jacket in front of his crotch, and proceeded to stroke the extended sleeve in time to the music in a filthy, smirking pantomime that went straight to Steve's dick.

He lifted his chin, half-lidded eyes burning through Steve as he hauled back and tossed the jacket directly into Steve's chest, knocking the air out of him with an undignified sound.

It was heavy, slapping his skin and sliding down to his lap as he gathered it up with hesitant fingers.

This was not a prop.

This was the dancer's real jacket, clearly well used, leather warm and butter-soft.

The jacket smelled like male sweat and dark cologne, like beer and cigarettes and aftershave and Steve could have driven a nail through the wall with his dick.

The guy did a turn of the stage, pausing here and there to thrust out his hips and accept cash stuffed into his waistband before returning to his preferred spot, tossing down the cigarette and crushing it in time to the music.

His tongue slipped out without the cigarette to occupy his mouth, pink and wet and sin incarnate, wagging in Steve's direction beneath sparkling eyes.

Steve clutched the jacket in his lap, trying not to show how affected he was by the act and clearly failing miserably judging by the way the guy's face lit up.

He started up a slow bump and grind, hands sliding up his torso to the neck of his shirt.

Then he tore it open down to the waist, growling low under the thumping music. Steve had to check to make sure that he wasn't drooling over the sight of those improbable abs, dabbing at his chin discreetly.

The dancer threw the shirt off to the side, ignoring the excited screech of the woman who caught it.

Walking to the edge of the stage with his harsh, rhythmic stride, he picked up the beer bottle again, opened the cap with his teeth and spat it out onto the stage with a snarl that made Steve press his thighs together.

He wanted to know what else those teeth could do.

The dancer threw back his head and drank half the bottle, letting his free hand rub over his exposed torso down to cup the bulge in his jeans.

Christ.

Steve wondered how he would feel about replacing that hand with Steve's tongue.

The music built to a frenzy and he lowered the bottle, turned his head to the ceiling, and spat a fountain of beer straight up, letting it run down his chin and neck all the way to his torso, golden droplets tracing the hills and valleys of his abdomen.

It was completely disgusting.

Steve could watch that shit all day.

The guy finished his beer, letting the empty bottle clank to the stage floor and roll away as he flicked open the top button of his jeans, to

the cheers of the crowd.

He did another turn of the stage, collecting more tips before returning once again to his spot in front of Steve.

This time he looked him dead in the eye as he placed both hands inside his waistband and yanked sharply, tearing his jeans clean off in a shower of dollar bills.

The crowd went wild, Nancy knocking over her wineglass as she tried to wolf-whistle.

Steve couldn't look away from the bulge in his black g-string, obviously half hard and already impressive.

The dancer slid his hands down his stomach to frame his bulge in the diamond space between each thumb, fingertips digging into the meat of his thighs.

Steve only realized that he was on the edge of his seat when he nearly fell off of it, scrambling back before he hit the sticky floor, still clutching the jacket like a lifeline.

The guy spun around to walk across the stage, grinding the air in front of the crowd as people screamed and shoved money in the tiny strings across his hips. His ass was—

It was—Steve had never—it was perfect, okay? Ridiculous, even.

Then he returned to center stage to drop to his knees with a thud that made Steve wince. He arched his back at a ridiculous angle and thrust up into the air before raising up to stare Steve down as he slipped the very tips of his fingers beneath the fabric of his g-string. He blew a filthy kiss right at Steve that was somehow even hotter than the acres of exposed skin.

He clasped his hands above his head, every muscle flexed on display as he thrust into the air in time to the music until it ended with a crash of drums and warbling guitar.

Then he got to his feet in the echoing silence before the next song, gave Steve a long, hard look, and just turned away to disappear

backstage.

Steve sucked in a harsh burst of air as he realized that he had been frozen, entranced, holding his breath.

A scantily clad guy built like Steve ran out to clean up the tips and bits of costuming strewn across the stage, but when Steve held out the jacket to him, he just shook his head with wide eyes and scurried away.

Great.

Now Steve had to figure out what to do with this stripper jacket.

He could just leave it, he guessed, but that wasn't his style. Steve was the kind of guy who cleaned up after himself in a movie theater, who always returned his shopping cart to the proper place.

He was going to have to get this jacket back to the dancer somehow. It was very good quality and obviously well-loved. It had clearly been an accident to leave it with Steve.

Steve tugged on Nancy's sleeve as she whistled at the next dancer, a brunette in a sailor suit that did absolutely nothing for Steve. "Hey, listen, I'm gonna head out, okay. Have a great night and don't stay out too late."

Nancy nodded distractedly, pressing a haphazard kiss to Steve's cheek as he pulled away, her eyes glued to the stage.

"And drink water!"

She waved him off as he started walking away. He made his way to the bar to approach another dancer. This one was cute in that high-school jock kinda way, covered in freckles with a cocky grin on his face. He wore a very abbreviated football uniform and more than a handful of glitter.

Steve had to lean in to talk, flushing beneath the guy's raised eyebrows.

"Hey, uh, " he checked the name printed across the severely cropped

football jersey, “Tommy? I think your coworker left this behind. Do you know where I should leave it?”

Tommy looked him up and down, a tiny frown on his freckled face. “Damn. Why does that asshole always get the good ones?”

Steve shook his head, barely able to hear over the pounding music from the stage. “I’m sorry?”

Tommy sighed and jerked his thumb over his shoulder. “He’s waiting for you in the dressing room. Door to the left of the stage. Listen, if you change your mind about him I’ll be right out here. I get off in a couple hours.”

Wow, that was. Flattering.

Steve did alright for himself but he knew he wasn’t exactly the type of guy to appeal to somebody like Tommy, with his perfect body and wolffish grin.

Steve was just a kindergarten teacher. He spent half his time covered in glitter for very different reasons than Tommy did. If the lighting was better in here, Tommy wouldn’t have looked at him twice.

Steve rubbed the back of his neck with a laugh and lifted the jacket slightly. “Oh, thanks. I’m really just going to go return his jacket, though.”

Tommy rolled his eyes and slumped back against the bar, petulant lower lip sticking out just a little. “Yeah, okay. Keep telling yourself that. Better hurry or he’ll change his mind, penny loafers.”

Steve glanced down at his shiny brown penny loafers, flushing even harder. He really stuck out like a sore thumb.

He made his way to the door Tommy had indicated and took a deep breath before knocking twice.

“What?”

The voice that growled through the door was anything but encouraging and Steve nearly dropped the jacket and left.

But, he knew the right thing to do was to deliver it into the right hands.

Steve always believed in doing the right thing.

So, he knocked again, harder this time.

“Tommy, I swear to god, if you—”

The door ripped open to reveal the blond dancer in nothing but a damp towel, curls tight and dripping wet across his shoulders. Steve tracked a fat drop of water all the way over the hill of his collarbone and down his chest, holding his breath as it trembled on the peak of one tight pink nipple before falling to the ground.

“Can I help you?”

Steve jerked his head up guiltily and held the jacket out like a shield. His face burned all the way to his scalp and he knew he was a bright, furious red under the perfect blue gaze of this Adonis.

“Hey, sorry, I wanted to make sure this got back to you. I think you accidentally left it behind?”

The dancer made no move to take it, leaning one shoulder against the doorframe as he let his eyes roam over Steve from top to toe, tongue flashing out between his teeth. “No accident, country club.”

And, in retrospect, perhaps a baby blue striped polo shirt and khaki pants were not the most appropriate choice for a strip club.

But Nancy had said party casual, and this was what Steve wore.

He didn’t own things like a motorhead crop top and painted on jeans. Things this stripper—

Dancer, he mentally corrected himself.

Things this dancer probably wore like he was meant for them.

Steve could never.

He drew breath to say something, anything to cut the tense silence as the dancer stared him down but all that came out was a squeak as strong hands reached out and grabbed the front of his shirt, hauling him into the dressing room before the door slammed shut behind him.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

“Billy.”

Steve flattened himself against the door, still holding the jacket up to his chin like a scared kid with a blanket. The dancer leaned on one flat hand just over Steve’s shoulder, pinning him to the door with his eyes.

“Name’s Billy. Thought I’d go ahead and say it since you didn’t ask. I bet your mother taught you better manners than that.”

Steve sputtered out an apology and Billy’s eyes lit up like a candle catching fire. “I think the polite thing to do here is to tell me your name, now, pretty boy.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I just got another hard deadline. Updating while I can!

“Billy.”

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He was so close Steve could barely breathe. He smelled like shampoo and cologne with just a hint of cigarettes and Steve was harder than

ever. He lowered the jacket discreetly to cover the front of his pants.

Flat front khakis were not constructed to conceal what Steve was packing.

“Oh, uh. Steve. Steve Harrington.”

Billy turned his head with a little laugh that puffed warm air over Steve’s neck and Steve had to bite back a truly pathetic sound. “Well, Steve Harrington. Aren’t you a good boy to bring me my jacket? I bet you were a Boy Scout, weren’t you, Steve Harrington?”

And, yes.

He was.

Eagle Scout, actually.

But Billy didn’t seem like he would be very impressed by that, so Steve kept it to himself. “Just Steve, actually.”

This time he couldn’t bite back the sound he made when Billy brushed his knuckles across Steve’s jaw with the barest pressure, still watching him like there was nothing else in the room. “Alright, Just Steve. Your place or mine?”

Steve nearly dropped the jacket, fumbling for it as it slipped from shocked fingers. “I—what?”

Billy pushed off the door and took a step back. He shook his head as he rubbed a thumb over his bottom lip thoughtfully. “I’m not fucking you here. You’re not the type.”

Steve followed mindlessly as Billy walked across the room and yanked a pair of jeans out of a battered duffel bag. Steve swiftly looked up at the ceiling as Billy unceremoniously dropped the towel to hop into his jeans. Oh, god, he wasn’t wearing any underwear. Steve’s own plain white briefs nearly shuddered with the effort to contain his reaction to that knowledge. He tried to act casual, clearing his throat and blinking up at the water-stained ceiling. “What is the type?”

He could hear Billy shuffling around, hopefully putting on more clothes. “Not you. You’re too...sweet.”

His heart dropped into his stomach. Sweet was how Steve would describe someone’s grandmother. Steve wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear forever. He clutched Billy’s leather jacket more tightly against him to cover some of his boring pastel self. “Oh, sorry.”

He inhaled sharply as Billy touched him again, gripping his chin to bring Steve’s eyes down to his face. Billy’s eyes were beautiful, yes, but they were also—kind? “Don’t be. I like sweet.”

Billy’s hand shifted on Steve’s face to trace so lightly across his lower lip that Steve nearly turned his head to chase it as Billy brought that finger to his own mouth to suck it slowly inside with a low hum. He popped it out of his mouth to flash white teeth in a wide grin. “And, baby, you’re sugar candy.”

Steve’s dick was staging a full on revolt in his pants. It was going to break free any minute and run rampant through the room. He wrinkled up his nose in confusion as Billy returned to his duffle bag to zip it shut. “Are you serious? You want...? Me? Really?”

It felt like a joke. Like an error.

Like Billy was going to start laughing any second at Steve’s ridiculous presumption.

He didn’t laugh, he just slung his bag over his shoulder. The strap pulled his shirt even further open and Steve couldn’t help looking. He was wearing a short sleeved snap-front shirt with only two snaps done up at the bottom, framing his perfect torso.

It was nearly as distracting as the g-string had been.

Billy gestured at Steve’s whole body with a raised brow. “Don’t sell yourself short, baby. Throw a little costume on your squeaky clean ass and they’d be trampling the stage for you.”

That seemed, just, very unlikely.

Steve usually attracted particularly clueless moms and, like,

accountants with a sensible life plan.

Not, um, Billys.

God, Steve had never even had a one night stand. He didn't know the protocol. Shit, his palms were sweating all over Billy's jacket. "So, you just, like. You want to go home with me? Now?"

Billy gave Steve a skeptical look, gaze dropping pointedly to the tent in Steve's pants as he shook a hand through his drying curls. "What, you don't want a piece of me?"

Steve may have never heard a less true statement in his life. He rushed to correct it, gesturing awkwardly with the jacket. "Oh, I do. You're very... Um, wow. But, like, I don't usually...Do this kind of thing."

Billy was smiling so hard his eyes creased beautifully at the corners, twinkling up at Steve from beneath thick lashes like captured stars. "You don't say?"

His good humor startled a laugh out of Steve, some of the tension leaving his spine as he shoved some hair off his face sheepishly. "Gosh. I guess that's pretty obvious, huh? Sorry."

Billy advanced on him so quickly that Steve froze in place, watching him round-eyed as Billy gave him a fierce expression, brows dropped low. "Never apologize for who you are, Steve. The world needs a little more sweetness, if you ask me."

It shouldn't make butterflies take flight in Steve's stomach, embarking on a one night stand with an exotic dancer, but.

It did. An entire flock.

He swallowed back another apology and held out the jacket once more. "I wanted to make sure this got back to you. It's a really nice jacket."

Billy didn't even glance at the jacket Steve held pressed to his thick, warm chest. Instead, he took it from Steve's fingers without breaking eye contact and carefully arranged it over Steve's shoulders. "Why

don't you hold onto that for me a little longer, princess? It's cold out."

It was.

Steve's windshield had frosted over by the time they made it out to his car. He stood blushing in Billy's jacket while he fumbled his keys, dropping them to the ground. "Oh, sugar!"

Billy busted out laughing so hard that he dropped his duffle bag, hand pressed to his stomach through the open front of his shirt. He had to be freezing with that much exposed skin. "Oh, sugar? Holy hell, that's cute. You don't like to swear, Steve Harrington? Too naughty for you?"

Well, that was embarrassing. Steve had gotten into the habit of censoring himself when he was frustrated. It was better for his kids.

And Steve would do anything for his kids.

But it didn't exactly give a suave, sexy impression with his...

Date?

Luckily, he finally got the door open and slid into his car before he did something else humiliating.

Unluckily, the passenger seat Billy tried to slide into was covered in a mess of glitter and paper, little bits of construction paper fluttering to the floorboards as he scooped it up with a quizzical eyebrow.

Steve hurried to gather it from him, careful with the delicate pages as he shuffled it to the backseat. "Sorry, it's just stuff for my kids. I'll move it."

Billy stiffened in the seat beside him, muscles going taut in the arm that held onto the handle above his head. "You got kids?"

Shit.

Okay, that definitely wasn't the impression that Steve was trying to give. He was just so used to referring to his class as his kids that he

forgot people might misunderstand. He tried to wipe glitter off on his khakis, frowning when it stuck to his palm like it had fused to his skin. “Oh, no. No, I’m just a kindergarten teacher.”

Billy let go of the handle to turn completely around in his seat, one leg hooked over Steve’s gear shift as he leaned in, eyes glittering like a bear in a cave. “No way.”

The window was cold even through the jacket as Steve leaned back, both hands already at ten and two on the steering wheel. “Yes, way? I know it’s not, like, the manliest profession, but I’m really passionate about it. I love what I do, and I do it well.”

He got tired of defending his career to people.

Like his dad.

Billy reached out and traced over the tense line of Steve’s knuckles on the steering wheel, his mouth going soft around the edges. “Hey, Steve? You don’t have to defend your job to me. I’m a fucking stripper.”

Something about the self-derogatory way he said that grated on Steve, and he furrowed his brow as he met Billy’s eye. “You’re a very talented dancer and entertainer. Every eye in that room was on you, and I couldn’t say the same about your coworkers. You have a gift.”

Surprise flitted across Billy’s face before he covered it up with a filthy smirk mirroring the one he wore onstage. “Couldn’t take your eyes off me, huh, baby? Bet you can’t wait to get me back to your place and see what I can do in private.”

Which was true, but Steve wasn’t a guy who liked to pressure his dates, ever. “Billy, we don’t—I mean, I only want to do things you want to do. I could just put the kettle on and we could get to know each other, if you wanted. I’m not, like, expecting anything from you just because you’re a dancer.”

Billy pulled out a pack of cigarettes, eyeing Steve as he packed them down. “You for real?”

Steve nodded and reached across to roll Billy’s window down for him

while he lit up. “Yes, Billy. I’m very real.”

Real. Boring. Mundane. All of those things.

Steve threw the car into reverse before hesitating, foot on the brake. “Could you please wear your seatbelt? I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Billy clamped his cigarette between his teeth as he buckled up. “Safety first, right, teach?”

Steve didn’t have an answer to that which wouldn’t embarrass him further so he just concentrated on driving home, frantically trying to remember the state of his house and whether he would need to tidy up when they got there.

Billy just smoked in silence until they pulled up to Steve’s house and he killed the lights, still holding on to the steering wheel as nerves twisted his stomach.

Ashing out the window, Billy gave Steve a long, considering look in the low light of his front porch that filtered through the windshield. “Do you bottom? I’m fine either way, but, I’ll be honest, I’m kinda hoping you do.”

Steve shook his head to try to clear it, trying to make sense of Billy’s words. “What?”

Billy tossed his cigarette butt out onto Steve’s lawn and rolled up his window, muscles cording in his arm at the motion. Not that Steve noticed, or anything. “Do you take it up the ass, sweetheart? It’s not a complicated question.”

Oh, god.

Steve felt like an idiot, going hot across the back of his neck as he scrambled to save face and at least seem like he knew what he was doing, here. “Oh. I, um. Yes, in. In theory. I haven’t actually tried, yet. But I want to!”

He added the last bit on hastily as Billy’s eyebrows climbed up into his hairline like they were trying to escape.

“Wait, so,” he gestured at Steve as a whole, “all of this. And you’re a fucking virgin, too?”

Steve finally let go of the steering wheel to hold his hands out like it was proof of his prowess in bed. He had slept with three people, already, so. It’s not like he didn’t have experience. Just not—

“No. No, not a virgin. Just haven’t gone all the way with a guy. Yet. But, like I said, I totally want to. So.”

Billy bit his lip as he gripped one hand around the rigid length of his cock clearly outlined by his painted-on jeans. He squeezed and Steve was salivating as Billy searched Steve’s face with wide blue eyes. “Gone all the way? Holy shit. I’m going to hell. Better get that front door open before I start the journey right here in your little teacher car, Steve Harrington.”

Notes for the Chapter:

I love Billy’s sweetness kink in this so much. I’m gonna go wild with it.

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3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

The house was a mess.

It wasn't filthy, or anything, but Steve had been in the middle of prepping crafts when Nancy had called to remind him of the bachelorette party.

So there was glue and glitter and yarn strewn across his coffee table, spilling over the floor.

Notes for the Chapter:

Y'ALL!!! I THOUGHT I HAD POSTED THIS CHAPTER
BUT I DIDN'T!!!

Okay well it's up now? At least?

...I need a PA. Someone please organize my brain.

The house was a mess.

It wasn't filthy, or anything, but Steve had been in the middle of prepping crafts when Nancy had called to remind him of the bachelorette party.

So there was glue and glitter and yarn strewn across his coffee table, spilling over the floor.

It was the first thing you saw when you walked in and Billy's eyes went right to it. He walked over to pick up a ball of yarn from the floor and set it beside the sample craft, smiling down at the reindeer's googly eyes. "You weren't lying, huh? You're really a sweet little kindergarten teacher. What were you doing in my club, tonight? Were you lost?"

Steve didn't know about 'little'. He was taller than Billy, anyway. Barely. "My friend is getting married and she wanted me to come to the party with her. I've never actually seen exotic dancing before.

You were very good, Billy. Blew me away.”

Billy turned and swayed his hips, popping the snaps on his shirt open with a swift tug. “Yeah? You want a private show?”

As hot as that sounded, there was something weary in Billy’s face that gave Steve pause. Made him really think about the question. “No, I don’t want you to feel like you’re at work. It’s just me. I kinda just want to be with you.”

Billy ground to a stop like Steve had flicked a switch, blinking with confusion. “Huh. Most guys ask me for a lap dance. Or, at least, expect one when they get me alone.”

That sounded tiring to Steve. And a little dehumanizing, as if Billy’s job was all there was to him. He didn’t like that. Steve shrugged and pulled shyly at the cuffs on the ends of his long sleeved polo. “Guess I’m not most guys.”

Billy advanced on him, still carrying his bag as he cupped a chilly hand over Steve’s cheek, eyes shimmering with something more complicated than lust. “No. Definitely not, princess.”

The thought of kissing him sent Steve’s stomach doing backflips with excitement, but he had never done that on the first date. He wasn’t sure what Billy wanted from him. “Do you want anything to drink? I have tea, coffee, and hot chocolate.”

It might do good for Billy to get something warm in his stomach after being out in the cold without his jacket. Steve still hadn’t taken it off. The warm weight of it across his shoulders felt too much like a welcome embrace.

Billy laughed again, and let his hand trail down Steve’s neck to wind his fingers in Steve’s collar. “Hot chocolate? You gonna put little marshmallows in it for me? Tuck me up in a blanket on your couch, Steve?”

Well, yes. Of course.

Steve nodded, opening his mouth to answer when Billy surged up and kissed him.

Billy kissed like Steve was trying to get away, like he had to chase him down and get it in quick.

Steve wasn't going anywhere.

He was too busy melting into a depraved puddle of lust at the red-hot thrust of Billy's tongue past his lips.

Steve made a soft, humiliating sound and Billy growled, grabbing the lapels of his leather jacket. He spun Steve around and shoved him on the couch.

Billy's bag thumped to the floor as he followed after to straddle Steve, his thick thighs a warm weight on Steve's lap.

Steve let his hands rest there, squeezing tentatively while Billy tried to climb down his throat. Steve had never kissed someone as aggressive as Billy before. It made his cock leak through his briefs, wet spot spreading across the front of his khakis.

Billy's hips shifted to push his hard cock into Steve's stomach, firm ass rubbing across the head of Steve's dick and Steve broke off the kiss to whine high in his throat, already desperate.

Billy shushed him with a breathless laugh, circling his hips while he kissed his way down Steve's throat. Steve didn't realize Billy had been working on getting his shirt untucked until the cool air hit his belly.

Immediately followed by the searing heat of Billy's hands. Steve arched into his touch, choking back a sharp cry as Billy flicked his nipples before rubbing them gently. "Christ, you're so sweet. Aching for it, aren't you, baby?"

Steve didn't know if he should answer, so he just lifted his hips as much as he could with Billy weighing him down. He finally managed to pry his hands off Billy's thighs while he whispered against his temple. "Can I touch you, Billy? Please?"

Billy went still for just a second before he buried his face in the crook of Steve's neck. "Yeah. Yeah, you can touch me. I'm not—" He lifted his head to catch Steve's eye, voice rough. "—Guess I'm not used to

guys asking permission.”

Oh.

Was that—? Was it weird, that Steve was so careful?

He dropped his gaze to Billy’s chest, hands still hovering in the air around Billy’s hips. “Sorry.”

His gaze shot back up when Billy grabbed his wrists and shoved one of Steve’s hands inside his open shirt, holding the other up near his face. “No, it’s good. Nice. Makes me feel like more than a piece of meat.” He laughed like it was a joke, but his eyes were dead serious.

Steve closed the distance to cup his hand over Billy’s cheek, reveling in the softness of the curls that spilled across his knuckles. The contrast with the rough stubble against his palm. “You’re so much more than that.”

Anger welled up inside him at all the guys who had apparently thought otherwise, who had looked at Billy up on the stage and seen a product for sale, instead of the force of nature that he so clearly was.

Billy grabbed Steve at the base of his skull and kissed him like the walls were falling down around them, sounds knocked from the back of his throat where they had been locked down tight. Deep, dark moans and soft, pretty sounds that made Steve’s toes curl, made him want to wrap his arms around Billy and never let him go.

But, that’s not what this was.

This was a one-night stand. Steve’s first. He wasn’t going to fuck it up by being his usual clingy, emotional self.

He tried to focus on exploring Billy with gentle hands, caressing the hills and valleys of his torso, memorizing them with his fingertips the same way he had swallowed them down with his eyes beneath the stage lights.

A wave of melancholy threatened to crest over him at the realization that this was it, that Steve would never get this chance again, when

all he wanted was to keep touching Billy until he could shape him with empty hands and his eyes closed.

Steve stomped that thought down as he ground up into Billy's ass and tried to keep up with Billy's kisses, panting when Billy finally broke away.

He tried to shake his hair out of his face and Billy intervened with a smile, swollen red lips tilting up at the corners as he tucked Steve's hair behind his ear. "Listen, I know what I said, but I don't want you to feel like you gotta—I mean, it's okay if you don't want to go all the way tonight, Steve. Or even, do anything more than this."

Steve nuzzled into Billy's palm, staring up at him with wide eyes. "You'd be happy just to make out with me all night?"

Something soft flitted across Billy's face before he ducked it to bite at Steve's neck. "Fuck yeah, baby, sounds like a blast."

Steve pushed back with steady hands on Billy's chest to search his face. It was open, and honest, even clouded over with lust. Something clenched in Steve's chest at the look in Billy's eyes. If he hadn't know any better, he would have said it was adoring, that it echoed the steadily building emotions inside of Steve. "Good. That's exactly why I want to go all the way with you, tonight. You're a nice guy, Billy. I trust you to treat me right."

Billy's eyebrows shot up at being called a nice guy, but then he framed Steve's face in his hands to kiss his nose softly, tenderly. "Damn straight I'm gonna treat you right. Turn you the fuck out, sweetheart. Let me take you to bed, spread you out for me."

He got off Steve's lap, scooped up his bag, and held out a hand for Steve to take. "Come on, princess. I promise to be gentle."

He said it with a smirk, but the light in his eyes and the grip of his hand around Steve's were oh-so-soft. Billy meant what he said.

Steve led the way to his bedroom, blushing and stammering as Billy took in the boring plaid decor broken up with random crafts from his classroom tacked on the walls. Billy's room was probably all heavy

metal posters and satin sheets or something. “I know it’s not like, the sexiest place, but. I don’t usually have company, and—”

“Steve. Relax, and get naked.” Billy was already taking his own advice, shirt evaporating while Steve had been busy checking his room for dirty socks or other embarrassments. Steve followed suit, wrestling out of his polo and groaning internally when he forgot to unbutton it and got the collar caught around his head. He had to poke his head back out to fuss with the buttons, shirt rucked up around his arms while his hair went in every direction.

He risked a glance at Billy only to find him staring back in slack-jawed lust, frozen with his hands on his fly.

The hungry expression on his face made Steve’s heart kick in his chest as he struggled out of his shirt and attempted to tame down his hair. He tried to ignore the prickling insecurity of being faced with Billy’s sculpted body when Steve was not what anyone would call built. He was alright, never had any complaints, but Billy looked like a Greek god.

Steve was already regretting the overhead lighting in his bedroom.

Billy yanked open his buckle and snapped out his leather belt exactly the way he had done onstage and Steve’s dick twitched so hard it was visible through his khakis. Billy caught it, because of course he did, and his smile broadened into a tongue-flashing smirk. “Yeah? Thought you liked that. Looked like you were ready to climb up on stage and join me, pretty boy.”

He coiled the belt around his fist and Steve had to swallow a mouthful of saliva. “I—I wanted to. You’re so—”

Billy set the coiled belt aside and dropped his duffel bag beside the bed. He ran a hand down his torso the way he did onstage, tongue trapped between his teeth. “Hot? Sexy? Slutty?”

Steve paused with his hand extended, reaching mindlessly for Billy’s face. He closed the distance and cupped his cheek in his palm, stepping close enough to feel his body heat. “Beautiful, Billy. You’re so beautiful.”

Billy's brows knit together as his mouth hung open, working around words that never came. He looked like Steve had pulled the rug out from under him.

Steve swayed closer to kiss Billy's jaw all the way up to his ear to whisper softly. "Beautiful, and strong. And I want—I want you to show me how to do this, please. How to make you feel good."

Billy grabbed onto his hips and pulled him flush, skin sliding against skin for the first time while he captured Steve's mouth in a deep, lingering kiss. He broke away to nip at the underside of his jaw down to his throat. "You don't have to do a thing to make me feel good, baby. Best thing you could do is let me take the lead. I can make you feel amazing, sweetheart. Gonna blow your mind."

There was no warning before Billy bent his knees, hooked his hands under Steve's thighs, and then straightened to lift him off the ground. Steve clung to his shoulders, trying to keep control of his lanky limbs while Billy carried him to the bed without even a change in his breathing.

Strong was right. Steve hadn't realized how much the evidence of Billy's strength would go to his dick. They had barely started and he was already close to the edge.

Billy dropped him on the bed and crawled after, slinking upward while Steve scrambled crab-like up to the pillows. He blinked up at Billy and bit his lip while lifting a cautious hand to Billy's bare chest, palm pressed over his heart. It was racing.

"Jesus Christ, those eyes should be illegal." Steve blinked the eyes in question again and opened his mouth to reply but Billy dived in tongue-first and whatever it had been was lost on a moan.

Billy was solid above him, a sturdy roof against the world, and Steve ran his hands up and down his back while Billy took him apart with only a kiss. He kept it going until Steve finally bucked his hips with a whine, rubbing his dick over Billy's stomach.

Billy pulled back with a soft, wet sound that made Steve whimper and grab his dick against the threat of spilling in his pants. He was so

close, just from that.

Taking his hand away from the front of his pants, Billy looked down, eyebrows raised at the wet spot darkening the light material. “Would you look at that? Getting so wet for me, already.”

Steve tugged his hand out of Billy’s grasp to cover the spot with a grimace but Billy took it away again, holding Steve’s gaze while he licked the sticky spot from his palm. “Mmm. That’s so good. Perfect, baby.”

His tongue was blazing hot against Steve’s skin, mustache rough, and Steve really wasn’t going to last. This was going to be humiliating.

Notes for the Chapter:

Maybe the next chapter will make more sense now?

Follow me on social media to stay updated on all of my nonsense. I have three original gay romance books out now and I also make fan art.

<http://heck-in-a-handbasket.tumblr.com/>

<https://twitter.com/HeckinaH>

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4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve expected Billy to get down to business right away, to tear off his khakis and flip Steve onto his belly, but Billy didn't seem interested in that.

He took his time, kissing his way up Steve's arm like a silent film Casanova, with deep, lingering kisses on the vulnerable skin inside his wrist and elbow. "I was right. Sugar candy. So damn sweet."

It was a struggle not to moan like a whore the entire time. No one had ever taken their time like this with Steve, before. It had been all fumbling hands and turned down lights and Steve had never felt so exposed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Apologies if you've already read this chapter since I posted it first like a DINGUS.

Anyway, I love these sweet boys. Enjoy the smut!

Steve expected Billy to get down to business right away, to tear off his khakis and flip Steve onto his belly, but Billy didn't seem interested in that.

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He lost the battle once Billy moved on to his chest, jolting and moaning at the first tiny flick of Billy's tongue across his beaded

nipple. Billy groaned as if Steve had touched him somewhere naughty rather than just clutching at his shoulders like a dweeb. “Yeah? It’s like that? Oh, fuck, yes. I can work with that, baby.”

Billy latched onto the other nipple and sucked and Steve nearly came off the bed, nails digging into Billy’s solid muscle. “Oh! I—I, that’s—Billy, that feels so—” Steve lost his words in another moan as Billy gently scraped his teeth across the sensitive skin. Billy hummed and smoothed his hands up Steve’s sides to cup his ribs before lifting him up to his mouth and sucking hard.

Steve’s hips jerked as Billy tugged on that invisible string connecting his nipples to his dick. The head of his cock rubbed against Billy’s stomach through his khakis and oh, god. He was close.

Too close.

Steve twisted and whined as Billy licked and sucked and nibbled across his chest, trying to get words out and failing as his brain went to mush. He managed to wiggle enough that he dislodged Billy’s mouth for a second.

But, when Billy clamped back down on his nipple with a growl, Steve lost it entirely, heels scraping the bed as he buried his hands in Billy’s hair and shouted his name, rutting against the warm wall of his stomach as he spilled into his pants in quick, rough pulses that felt as if they had been pulled from his spine.

The sudden quiet in the bedroom was deafening, broken only by Steve’s desperate panting and the soft, wet sound of Billy releasing the suction on Steve’s chest. Mortification washed over him like a tidal wave.

He had just come in his pants like a teenager. Like an absolute loser. Steve had somehow managed to get someone like Billy into his bed and he had just blown it completely. The only thing that could make this worse would be if he allowed the tears burning at the back of his eyes to fall.

Steve was still shaking from the aftershocks, little tremors running down his limbs as he let go of Billy’s hair so Billy could sit up.

Billy stared down at him in blatant astonishment, eyes taking the scenic route from Steve's flushed face, over his reddened nipples, down to his soaked khakis.

If a portal to another dimension had opened up in the bedroom, Steve would have jumped through it without a second of hesitation.

Billy skimmed a hand over the wet spot rapidly spreading across the front of Steve's pants. "Holy shit, princess."

Steve pushed at his wrist and tried to curl up around his embarrassment, but when he brought his knees up they just bumped into Billy's shoulders where he kneeled between Steve's legs. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to, it's just. It's been a while, for me. And you're so..." he made a sweeping gesture over Billy's entire incredible body, voice cracking, "But I can still—We can...can still do it, if you want to."

He cringed at the way Billy mouthed "do it" with a growing smile. Steve had transcended humiliation, this was something else. Possibly lethal levels of embarrassment.

At least he could roll onto his stomach for the main event, so Billy wouldn't have to look at his mortified face. If Billy was even willing to stick around that long.

The tears hadn't gone away, and he had to look up at the ceiling and blink rapidly to hold them back. Billy made a soft sound in his throat at that, and then he was cupping the nape of Steve's neck to angle his head to meet Billy's eyes. "Hey. So, I'm amazing in bed. Don't beat yourself up about it, sweetheart. It's not exactly news to me. Besides," he ducked down to press a tiny kiss to Steve's lips, "if you only knew, what you do to me. You're so sensitive," he ran his tongue over Steve's bottom lip and grinned when his breath hitched, "so responsive. If I can make you come just from playing with your pretty little tits, just think what I could do once I get inside you, baby."

Steve's half-hard dick twitched at the words, and he squirmed at the very idea. "Please, Billy. Will you show me?"

Billy turned his face into Steve's neck to groan as if Steve had

grabbed his dick, moving the entire mattress as he shoved his hips down into it, hard. “Yeah, Pretty boy. I’ll show you anything you want. Damn.”

He dragged his face down Steve’s chest, stubble rubbing too-rough-perfect across his overworked nipple. “Anything, baby. You got me in a fucking tailspin. Here, lemme see.”

Steve made a sound of protest that was unfortunately close to a squeak as Billy dropped his hands to Steve’s pants, unfastening and removing them like it was his job.

Which, it kind of was, actually.

The cool air of the bedroom made Steve hyperaware of the cum coating his groin, smeared down his thighs as Billy pulled his pants down. He covered his face with both hands as Billy ran a finger through the puddle gathered in the crease of his thigh. “Fucking hell, sweetheart. Unbelievable.”

He ducked down to follow his finger with his tongue and suddenly Steve wasn’t half hard anymore. It almost hurt, getting rock hard so quickly after coming. He hadn’t done that since he was a horny teen.

Billy moaned and ran the flat of his tongue up Steve’s cock, sending shockwaves all over that had Steve twitching and whining. Billy sucked on the head of his cock and Steve whimpered, pulling at his own hair with both hands as his legs kicked out.

That wicked tongue meandered down to his balls. Billy hummed as he sucked them into his mouth one by one, bringing his hands up the underside of Steve’s thighs to push them up and out. And then he—then he—

“Billy! Ohmygod, whatareyou—?”

Billy glanced up through dark eyelashes, a smile on his red, wet lips. “I’m gonna eat you the fuck out. Gotta get you ready for me, princess. Nobody’s ever done that for you before, huh?”

Steve bit his lip as he shook his head, eyes wide. Billy’s jaw twitched as he stared up at Steve’s face, one hand spasming tight around

Steve's thigh with a whispered "christ." before he shoved Steve's knees up to his chest and dove in tongue-first.

He moaned and hummed as though it were his favorite thing to do, as he licked and sucked and, holy shit, thrust his tongue past the barrier of muscle into Steve's body.

Inside. Billy was inside him. He felt incredible. Steve had never—

He clamped his mouth shut as he realized that he was saying everything aloud, and Billy had stopped to stare at him.

"Oh, gosh, sorry! I'm sorry, I'm not usually so—" turned on, worked up, orbiting the stratosphere? "So far gone so quickly. I'm sure you're used to more, um, worldly partners. I'll try to sto—"

"Don't stop!" Billy's voice cracked and he visibly winced before continuing, sending a warm rush of fondness over Steve. More than fondness, even. A whole lot more than that. Shit.

"Don't you dare fucking stop, Steve. I want to hear every little thought in that pretty head, every tiny noise I can wring out of you. All of it."

It was such a simple request, it was the least Steve could do to comply. He thanked every star in the sky for the fact that he had no close neighbors to hear as he opened his throat and let Billy pull noises from him that he had never made before. Soft, desperate sounds underscored by wailing shouts and Billy's name, over and over and over again.

He whined when Billy pulled back to lean off the bed and grab something from his bag. Billy kept a hand on his thigh the entire time, thumb sweeping soft and warm. Steve had to stifle the urge to hold his hand.

The urge to bring romance into this, where it didn't belong. Steve was so far out of his element, here.

Billy kissed his knee and pushed his legs further apart as he watched Steve's face. Steve jolted as Billy circled one slick finger around his wet rim. "Alright, cherry pie, I'm gonna need you to take a deep

breath for me,” he smiled with his eyes when Steve followed his directions, “That’s it, just like that, pretty boy. Okay, now, breathe out when I push in. I’ll go slow.”

Oh, god. He felt so full, already. Billy’s finger was long and thick and holy fuck, how much bigger was his dick going to feel? Steve was gonna split in half and shatter to pieces and he couldn’t fucking wait.

“Killing me. You’re killing me with this, sweetheart. Christ, the things you say. The way you feel. I’m never gonna recover from this. You’re gonna ruin me for life, Steve.” Billy pressed his face to Steve’s thigh with a deep moan, muffling his words into Steve’s skin, and Steve had the horrifying realization that he had been rambling again.

He shut his mouth with a click of his teeth, only to drop it open again on a shocked moan as Billy twisted his wrist and brushed over a spot inside him that sent unexpected pleasure sparking down his spine.

Billy’s tongue was out most of the time, now, licking his lips and panting as he ruthlessly thrust his finger over that spot. “Perfect, baby. Fuck, you’re so sensitive and sweet. Wanna do this all night, keep you coming for me until you can’t remember your own name. How’s that sound, sweetheart?”

Steve couldn’t even nod, tossing his head on the pillow as he held onto Billy’s wrist with both hands, incoherent babble flowing from his lips.

“Ready for another? Come on, breathe with me, there you go.” Billy dropped back down to lay on his belly between Steve’s legs, gaze flicking from Steve’s face to his fingers as he eased in a second one. “Ah, fuck, you’re tight. You okay, sweetheart? You gotta tell me if I’m hurting you, alright?”

He held his fingers still inside of Steve until Steve nodded and rasped out, “Yes, Billy. I will. Feels good, though. You feel so good inside me, I didn’t know, I—I just didn’t know.”

Billy’s eyes widened on Steve’s before he whispered a fervent curse and dropped his gaze between Steve’s legs. There was a definite stretch, now, when he moved his fingers. Slight discomfort, but that

was quickly overwhelmed by Billy massaging that magic spot as he kissed up and down Steve's cock.

"God, we're not gonna have time. Not enough time in the world for the things I want to do to you. You're opening up for me so beautifully, baby."

It had to be a line, but he sounded so sincere, voice rough with emotion, prying Steve's heart open as much as his body. He didn't want to think about them running out of time, didn't want to think about how he might never see Billy again once this was all over.

Steve pushed back against his fingers, opening his legs so wide he could feel the stretch there as well. "Want you, Billy. Please, I'm ready."

Billy shook his head, curls brushing against Steve's stomach in a whispered caress. "Not yet. Just one more, okay? Think you can be good for me and wait, princess?"

Oh. Wow, okay.

Billy made a rough sound when Steve clenched down at that. He didn't mean to, he just...he so badly wanted to be good for Billy. Steve grabbed onto the sheets and swallowed back a squeak as Billy nudged a third finger past his rim. "Yes, I can—I want to be so good for you, Billy."

Billy paused to look up at him for a long, silent moment, before he surged up the bed to plant a filthy kiss on his lips, fingers still buried deep. "Goddamn. Can't believe you're real. How are you so fucking perfect, huh?"

He twisted his fingers inside Steve, stretching him open and rubbing over his spot as he nibbled across his jaw to whisper in his ear. "Never met someone so good, pretty boy. So sweet. Think I'm gonna taste you in my dreams, after this."

Steve couldn't articulate the things those words evoked inside him. It felt as though Billy had crashed into the peaceful little library in his heart and knocked over all the shelves, books tumbling open

everywhere in a jumble of nonsensical love poetry.

So he settled for “Billy” and “Please” and “ohhhmygod, right there, right there, please please please please!” and simply hoped that he got the message.

Billy groaned and rutted against his thigh as he thrust his hand faster until the loud, obscene clap of flesh filled the room. “Yeah? Yeah, just like that. God, the sounds you make. I got you, I got you. You want it there, baby, that’s where you’re gonna get it. I’m gonna make you feel so fucking good.”

Thighs shaking, Steve had to reach down to still Billy’s wrist with a winded cry as a familiar tingling started in the base of his spine, balls drawing up tight. “Wait, I’m too close! Want you inside me, Billy. I want to make you feel good, too.”

Billy kept his hand still, but didn’t remove his fingers as he kissed his way back to Steve’s mouth, licking inside with long swipes of his tongue between words. “Oh, you do, baby. Forgot I could feel this good. Or, fuck. Maybe I never have before.”

He trailed off at the end, breath hitching before he kissed Steve hard and deep, pushing him back into the pillows. He started to move his hand again and Steve tightened his grip around his wrist, stopping him. “Billy. I promise I’m ready. I just want you, now.”

Billy sat up, tongue flashing out as he caught his breath, panting like he had been the one taken to pieces instead of Steve. “I could make you come just like this. Suck you down and bring you off on my fingers. If you wanted to save the rest for, you know, somebody special.”

The overhead lighting reflected off his eyes like sea glass. Fragile and battered about by the waves but even more beautiful for it. Steve had seen him naked in a crowd of leering faces, but he had never seen him stripped bare like this. He wondered if anyone ever had.

“I’m pretty sure I already did, Billy. I think I saved it for somebody really special.”

Billy's eyes fluttered closed as Steve reached up to cup his cheek, breathing out Steve's name like a prayer before he carefully removed his fingers. He turned his head to kiss Steve's palm before he leaned off the mattress again to return with a condom.

He rolled it one with quick, efficient movements and slicked himself up with the bottle of lube he had dropped into the sheets, without ever taking his eyes off Steve. "Ready, Pretty boy? Promise I'll go slow. Gonna make it so good, make it so you'll never forget."

As if Steve could ever, ever forget this. As if he wouldn't be seeing Billy's beautiful face every time he closed his eyes after this. As if Billy hadn't brought his body to life in ways he didn't even know it could be.

Steve reached up to take him in his arms, shaking his head when Billy muttered "it might be easier for you, if you turned over..."

"No. I want to see you. Want to—to feel close to you, Billy."

Billy smoothed his hands up Steve's sides as he bent down, planting his knees in the mattress. "Baby, you've gotten so close you're under my skin, already. I'm never gonna," he hissed as he fitted his cock against Steve's slick entrance, "never gonna get over this. Hold onto me, princess. I'm right here with you, okay?"

Steve squeezed his eyes shut and slammed his head back into the pillows as Billy inched forward. Billy stopped to kiss all over his face, lips brushing soft across Steve's eyelids until he opened them again. "Alright, sweetheart?"

Steve had to swallow back a breathy moan to answer. "Yeah. Yeah, Billy. You feel good, it's just...you're so big."

Amusement sparkled in Billy's eyes as he eased into a filthy smirk that might have belonged onstage in his act, if it wasn't softened around the edges. Unrefined. Real. "Keep talking about how big I am, baby. Ain't a man alive who can get enough of that," he nudged inside another inch, smirk falling away when Steve gasped, "hey, listen, if I'm hurting you, I'll stop. I don't want to hurt you, Steve."

It hurt, and it didn't. It really, really didn't. Steve dug his fingers into Billy's shoulders and hooked his ankles together around his back to hold him in place. "If you stop now, I think I might cry, Billy," he lifted his hips experimentally, moaning as Billy slipped deeper, "think I might just disintegrate or something. Think you're just about the only thing holding me together right now."

Billy kissed him softly as he slowly worked his way in to the hilt. "Me too, princess. Oh, god. Me too."

His hair was soft against Steve's face, his hands gentle and soothing across Steve's skin, and his cock thick and unyielding inside of him. Put together, it was a devastating combination. Billy shifted his weight onto his elbows and held the base of Steve's skull in one hand, angling his face to meet his eyes. "How do you feel, pretty boy? This alright, wanna keep going?"

He looked younger, without the stage lights, sweeter and softer here in Steve's usually boring bed. Steve wanted to see what he looked like in the morning sunlight, curls sleep-mussed and eyes groggy. He wanted to see what he looked like in a year, or ten, or twenty. He wanted—

"Full. I feel so full, Billy. Feel like you're so deep inside me I can hardly breathe but I—I love it."

Billy's hips twitched with a low groan before he started up a deep, measured rhythm, stroking smoothly and carefully inside of Steve. "Yeah? You love it? Knew you would. Took one look at you in your cute little outfit, watching me with eyes like a fucking fairy tale and I knew you were made for this. Made for me, baby."

Steve hissed out an affirmation as Billy built up speed, clinging to his broad shoulders as they grew slick with sweat. His firm stomach pressed up against Steve's aching, overworked cock on every thrust and had him whining and squirming beneath him in no time.

He wasn't sure what the protocol was, here. Should he just reach down and take himself in hand, or was he supposed to wait for Billy? He knew what to do with girls, but the equipment was a little bit different, here. And, mostly, Steve just wanted to be good. Not too

demanding or selfish.

He wanted Billy to remember him fondly, if he remembered him at all. He could already tell that, for his part, he was never going to forget this night as long as he lived.

Never forget Billy.

Thrusts slowing to a gentle rocking motion, Billy lifted his head from kissing Steve to peer down into his face. “You need a little more, huh? Don’t worry, sweetheart. I got a lot more in store for you. Hang onto your hat, baby, I think you’re really ready for me, now.”

Steve opened his mouth to point out that he was already full of Billy, but all that came out was a shocked cry as Billy slipped one hand under his ass to adjust the angle and slammed right into that spot inside him. “Fuck yeah, let me hear you. Show me how good you can be, Steve.”

Words were impossible, Steve could barely gasp in air as Billy pounded into his spot, the blunt head of his cock massaging in just right and dragging back out over it in a way that sent Steve’s legs jerking around his hips.

Billy looked wild, curls bouncing in his face as he huffed and grunted and groaned, grip tightening possessively on Steve’s ass. “God, look at you. Unbelievable. Too fucking pretty. You love this. Bet I could make you come on my cock like this. Bet you’d open right up for me and sing so sweet.”

Steve arched his neck to suck on Billy’s tongue where it poked out of his mouth and he could feel Billy’s dick flex inside him in response. “Fuck! Oh, fuck, Steve. You’re gonna make me lose it, baby.”

He couldn’t stand it anymore, and Steve made a grab for his cock, only to be intercepted by Billy with a quiet, admonishing sound in his throat that made Steve freeze, mortified by his own impatience. “Sorry. Sorry, I didn’t—I just, I needed—”

Billy brought Steve’s hand up beside his head, lacing their fingers together with a squeeze as he pressed it down into the pillow. “No,

shh, you're perfect. Beautiful, baby. It's just that, for tonight, if there's something you need, I want to be the one to give it to you. That sound alright with you?"

Steve's quiet "yes, Billy" was almost lost in Billy's kiss, but he got the message. It was as if he could hear the things that Steve didn't say, could interpret the beat of his heart into Morse code messages. "You need me to touch you, baby? Need me to jerk that pretty cock for you? All you gotta do is ask. Got me wrapped around your skinny finger, Steve," he thrust hard with a grunt, baring his teeth, "come on, ask me."

Steve stroked his thumb over Billy's knuckles as he combed his other hand through his hair. "Touch me, Billy. Please? Touch my cock. I—I need it."

Billy was a force of nature, Billy was typhoons and volcanoes and magnetic forces deep in the center of the earth. Billy was whisper soft kisses to Steve's hand before he let it go to spit into his palm and reach down between them. Billy was all deep blue eyes and red, wet lips as he stroked Steve from root to tip. "See, baby? You need it, and I'm gonna give it to you. Look at me. I wanna watch that sweet face when you come all over yourself."

It didn't take much. Just a few strokes with Billy still thrusting deep inside him right against that spot and Steve was being pulled in two directions, electricity arcing between points of contact until he careened over the edge with a sharp cry.

"Fuck, yeah. Oh, sweetheart, look at you. You even come like a dream. Pretty pink mouth open for me, making a goddamn mess of yourself. Holy fuck, you're so good."

Steve trembled and whined as Billy wrung out the last few spurts of cum, gulping down air as Billy let go of his cock but kept fucking him through it.

Steve was still shaking with the aftershocks as he ran his hands up Billy's shoulders to gently touch his face. His voice was wrecked, rasping low as he kissed him once more, slow and deep, before dropping his head back on the pillow. "So are you, Billy. You're so

good. I've never met anyone so good to me. You're amazing."

Billy stared down at him with wide, stricken eyes before his hips jerked and he came with a strangled shout.

Steve wrapped his arms and legs around him and held on tight as Billy buried his face in Steve's neck with a low moan, shoving as deep as he could go. "Steve. Sweetheart. God, I—if you only knew. Holy fuck."

Steve held on even as Billy started to soften inside him, reluctant to let go.

He didn't know what would happen, after.

Now that Billy was done with him.

It made his stomach flip over just to think about.

Billy held on just as tightly, arms banded almost too tight around Steve's chest until he finally let go with a sigh and rolled to his back.

To Steve's surprise, he just looked at him while he caught his breath, and brushed some hair off Steve's face with a breathy laugh. "Feel any different?"

Did it show on his face? The way Billy had reached into his chest and rearranged the chambers of his heart just to make himself fit?

The way Steve was sure no one would ever fit so perfectly again?

Billy nudged him on the shoulder with a wide, boyish grin. "You know, now that you've gone *all the way*?"

Oh.

Steve couldn't help but smile back as he shoved at Billy's teasing finger poking him in the chest. "You know what? I do."

Billy's grin melted into something softer and sweeter and terrifyingly vulnerable. "Yeah? Guess that's something for you to remember me by, cherry pie." His voice was as open and raw as the look in his eyes

and Steve wanted to kiss him and never stop.

But then he jerked his eyes away from Steve as if he knew he had revealed too much, and rolled to his feet.

Steve sat up to watch him pad into the bathroom and dispose of the condom, his heart pounding like an executioner's drum. "Billy, do you think you might—"

He cut off as Billy swaggered back into the room with a cocksure lean to his shoulders that he had lost somewhere between the stage and Steve's bed.

It was as if he had shrugged it on like the shirt he was scooping from the floor.

"That was a real good time, baby. I'm working Thursday through Sunday nights, if you ever wanna swing by the club or something. Maybe I'll see you around if you get the itch for expensive beer and cheap ass."

Steve's heart staged a jailbreak, trying to climb out through his throat as Billy hopped into his jeans. He had to croak around it just to speak. "Are you leaving?"

Billy didn't look at him, focusing on his zipper as if it were an advanced equation. "Don't wanna wear out my welcome," he finally glanced up at Steve, something soft flickering across his expression before he wiped it away with a swipe of his hand up into his riotous hair, "Listen, try to take it easy tomorrow, alright? Don't join any bicycle races or anything. Don't want you to get too sore."

Steve was a little bit sore, yeah, but it was nothing compared to the ache in his heart. The ache that made his words wobble and stumble from kiss-raw lips. "You don't want to stay the night?"

Billy hauled his duffle bag onto his shoulder in quick, jerky movements. It looked like Steve's ruined underwear had gotten caught in the whirlwind of Billy packing up, because they had been shoved right on top. Billy zipped them in with a frown, voice quiet but firm. "I don't do that."

Humiliation washed over Steve in an acid hot wave. He struggled out of the tangled sheets, ridiculously holding a pillow over his crotch as he searched for his pants and felt about three inches tall. “Oh. Okay. Gosh, I’m such a—of course not. Here, wait. I can—I can get my keys and drive you home.”

He struggled one leg into his khakis, still holding onto the stupid pillow, before he chanced a glance up at Billy, who was gawking at him like a circus act.

Something withered in his stomach as he finally caught on that Billy was trying to escape the clingy weirdo he’d picked up for a one night stand who was trying to make it something more. “Unless you just. Don’t want to be around me anymore. Oh, god. Sorry. I can call you a cab? Let me call you a cab.”

Oh, shit. He was going to either have to drop the pillow to pull his pants up or just waddle out into the living room pillow and all to get to the phone and flip through the yellow pages.

Steve had never even called a cab before. God, he was such a stick in the mud. No wonder Billy wanted to leave.

Billy interrupted his internal panic spiral with a deep, heartfelt sigh. “Fuck, Bambi. Don’t hit me with the sad, pretty eyes, I’m unarmed. I meant, I don’t do that, usually. Usually guys can’t fucking wait to kick me out, after.”

Steve held onto the pillow with both hands, watching as the swagger dropped from Billy’s shoulders. He spoke softly, taking in the slow-blooming openness in Billy’s face. “I don’t want to kick you out, Billy.”

Sweet blue eyes blinked at him as if Billy had never heard of such a concept. He spoke even softer than Steve, voice a little rough around the edges. “No, you really don’t, huh?”

Steve inched towards him, dragging his pants by one ankle. Dragging his heart out onto his sleeve. “I want you to stay. Please.”

Billy chewed his lip as he considered him like Steve was a puzzle to

be solved. Something broke free and soared in Steve's chest when he dropped the duffel bag and leaned one knee back on the bed. "Alright, sugar candy. What do you want to do, if I stay? Looking for round three?"

When had Steve climbed onto the bed? And dropped the pillow? And reached up to push a curl out of Billy's eyes? "Honestly? I was thinking French toast."

Billy's smile started as a light in his eyes before dawning across his face, lips lifted in a crooked, charming line. "You wanna make me breakfast, Steve Harrington?"

Yes. Everyday. For the next, oh, lifetime?

Steve tucked another curl behind Billy's ear before delicately tracing over the prominent curve of it. "Yeah, if you don't mind."

Billy caught Steve's hand and held it to his cheek, caught Steve's heart and held it captive as he whispered soft and intimate, like a secret. "No one's ever done that for me, before."

Maybe Steve wasn't any good at one night stands. Maybe he wasn't cool and suave and experienced.

But there was something else he was good at, and it was loving with his whole heart.

He offered Billy a bright smile, squeezing his hand. "Well, then. I guess we get to be each other's firsts, that way."

The light in Billy's face was all sweet sincerity as he brought Steve's knuckles to his lips for a single, lingering kiss. "Yeah, I guess we do."

Notes for the Chapter:

I have more written and I hope to make a sequel one day, but for now we're done.

What did you think?

Don't forget to follow me because then you can

watch me make embarrassing mistakes in real time!

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